

Woman and Home Supplement.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1894

READING FOR WOMEN.

THEIR WORK—THEIR FADS—THEIR INTERESTS.

**Personalities—Secret of Correct Hammock
Swinging—Women in Russia and in
Turkey—Home-Made Toilet Waters.**

The Wanderer.

My lamb is missing from the mighty fold,
And bleak the wind that sweeps the
darkening world—
Where wandereth she, so late and over-
bold,
With timid feet.

Hath any seen a lamb that's gone astray,
Caught on the thorns that lined her
homeward way,
Or slipping down the steep, alack-a-day!
With piteous bleat?

Why to the storm is turned her tender
breast?
Her fold was full of love, and warmth,
and rest;
There was no lamb so sheltered and ca-
ressed
The sun beneath.

Or is she housed in an alien fold,
With simple head forgetful of the old,
And fated soon to shiver with the cold
Upon the heath?

Some thief hath stolen my lamb, though,
Many had he,
And all the world had but this one for me,
An idle shepherd I shall ever be
With idle crook.

There was but one I ever wished to guide
Over the charm or up the mountain side,
And pipe to on the meadows green and
wide,
From shady nook.

Oh, Thou Good Shepherd! seek her in the
path
That many a pitfall, many a sorrow
hath;
On her bewildered head let not thy wrath
Eternal break.

To the calm pastures of a better land
Where all the sheep are tended by Thy
hand
And follow ever as Thou dost command
My wanderer take!

—Jane Lane Allan.

Interesting Personalities.

The following episode from Meneval's recently published reminiscences of Napoleon is new and curious in its way:

"Some days later Mme. Bonaparte came and knocked at the door of the cabinet. She immediately entered, followed by the usher, who without a word placed a basket covered over with a cloth in the center of the room and withdrew. While Napoleon was waiting for the explanation of this enigma Mme. Bonaparte drew away the cloth which covered the basket. A little man, not more than eighteen inches high, who was lying down in the basket, raised himself with difficulty, and, leaning with his two hands on the handle of the basket, turned a pair of dark and shining but lusterless eyes upon us. This dwarf was dressed in complete hussar uniform, with the red shako, vest, and dolman, regulation boots, and was girt with a sabre, which kept entangling itself in his little legs. There was nothing monstrous about him except his extreme smallness. His limbs were well made, his features, if inert, were regular. Nevertheless, the evident insensibility of this misconception, whose life seemed merely mechanical, and whose intelligence seemed destined never to develop—for he was said to be then seventeen years old—his debility, the pale and bilious color of his skin, and his weakened and sickly ensemble excited disgust. The sight of this poor, disinherited creature, nature's cruel sport, placed face to face with a full-grown being, in whom the same nature had been pleased to unite a majesty of features to a superiority of genius, would have offered a singular contrast to the eyes of an observer. The fine and impressionable organism of Napoleon evidently suffered from so painful a sight, and without one word of comment he prayed his wife to remove the dwarf from his eyes."

Newport is certainly in very hard luck. Every one was looking forward to the return from Europe of Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore and the opening of Chateau Sur-Mer to gaiety, dinners, dances and teas.

It is about the only one of the old houses left with young people to make merry, and it was naturally looked upon as the rallying point for all old Newporters and the best elements of New York and Boston society.

But Mrs. Keteltas, Mrs. Wetmore's aged mother, has just died, so the house must remain still and quiet as the grave even if the Wetmores decide to come home now.

Mme. Sarah Grand is preparing herself for her American tour by reading in public in London. At a recent entertainment for the benefit of the poor of Spitalfields she read the poem to "The Heavenly Twins." According to a London paper, "it was truly interesting to see the creator of Evadne, Angelica and the Boy on the platform, in dainty black, relieved by a wreath of roses under the brim of her hat. She read in a clear voice, though somewhat nervously, the opening chapter of the much-discussed Twins."

Miss Dhanbai Fardoujee Banajee, an eighteen-year-old Bombay girl, has succeeded in getting one of her pictures hung in the Paris Salon. She won some prizes in India from the Bombay Art Society, and decided that she would rather be an independent person according to Western standards than to marry and live in the Indian fashion. She is the first Indian woman to go to Europe to study art.—New York Tribune.

A woman's college has just received a

unique gift, in the shape of a large collection of photographs of babies of university women. The object of the collection is to prove, by the well-fed and well-cared-for look of the youthful subjects, that the higher education does not necessarily unfit women for their chief and most important duty as mothers, and that the cultivation of the feminine brain is not detrimental to the rearing of sound and healthy children. The idea of such testimony is a novel one, but, if the collection represents a fair percentage, it is a conclusive argument.

Denver women have organized themselves into a dress club, which is to put its uniform in ocular evidence as soon as one hundred women have signed the pledge of its membership. The costume is to be as follows: A rational dress skirt, a comfortable fitting blouse or waist, using no whalebone or stiffening of any kind whatever (whether in the form of a corset, underwaist or dress waist), and shoes with common-sense heels.

When any High Priestess of Delsarte discourses sweetly upon the art of decomposing oneself in the Newport drawing-rooms, Mrs. Cooper-Hewitt and Mrs. Burke-Roche are among the most interested listeners.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

They Are Late Risers—Their Grace and Charm.

The Russians exercise great taste and a lavish expenditure on their entertainments. They have hot sitting-down suppers, to any hour in the morning, displaying every luxury from Paris and southern Europe. The toilettes of the ladies are mostly from Paris, and are very costly, and the display of jewels is very remarkable, particularly of turquoise, diamonds and sapphires. There is much beauty among the fair sex, and what is even more attractive, a grace, ease and charm of manner which seeks to please as well as to be pleased. There is a natural heartiness and friendliness, and a refinement of courtesy, especially to foreigners, which give a charm to Russian society, and I shall always retain a grateful reminiscence of their kind welcome and hospitality. The Russian ladies experience little of the rigor of their long winter. Their usual life during the wintry months is a singular one. They keep very late hours (I refer to the fashionable world), and appear to wish to exclude the light of day as far as possible. The fashionable lady rises late, and does not appear in her salon

Home-Made Toilet Waters.

Toilet waters can easily be made at home. For violet water put a quarter of a pound of fresh picked, sweet violets, together with their weight of pure alcohol, into a large bottle, cork, and shake the bottle every day for one week; then add a quarter of a pound of water, filter and bottle for use.

Lavender water is made by slowly steeping for one hour in a covered farina boiler one pound of fresh lavender with one pint of water. On its removal from the fire add two quarts of alcohol, filter and bottle for use.

One of the most delightful of home-made toilet waters is cherry laurel water. Bruise one ounce of bay leaves and add to them a half pint of water. Steep slowly for an hour in a farina boiler, take it from the fire and add one quart of lavender water, filter and bottle for use.

Of Remembrance.

I do remember every note
And each sweet letter that she wrote
From where, afar the palm-blest isles
Are lovelier for her splendid smiles!
I do remember even the flower
She sent me in a lonely hour!

And sometimes, when my lonely soul
Heareth in dark God's thunders roll,
I wonder—her sweet worshiper—
If God's dark storms break over her?
And if they do, I know my breast
Would bear them all to give her rest!

But no! the fragrant orange blooms
Waft throughout her life their sweet per-
fumes;

And the tall ships, with wind-blown sails
Bring to her songs of nightingales.
Yet, do they still, wherever they be,
Sing to her one last song of me?

Atlanta Constitution.

Mathematically Speaking.

We went to school together; we loved each other well.

I helped her with her "rithmetic," she taught me how to spell.

"One from one leaves nothing, and one and one are two."

The last I see, but one from one?—O help me, Charlie, do!"

"If you take away the only one, you've nothing left," says I.

"You have the one you took away," she always would reply.

Ah, Prue, you went to Europe to "finish off," they say;

I wonder if you ever think of me, so far away.

You were one, and I was one, but when you crossed the sea—

One from one leaves nothing; there was nothing left of me.

I've loved you long and tenderly; come back to me, sweet Prue.

We two shall be made one, dear, if one and one are two.

A Fine Idea.

"Hooray!" cried the summer-hotel-keeper. "I have it!"

"You have what?" inquired his wife.

"An idea—a bonanza," was the answer.

"Something that will make the hotel the most popular one in all the land. I've been looking up a novelty, you know, so as to advertise it, and attract people when I open in June."

"Yes."

"Well, how's this?" And he held up an advertisement describing the beauties and advantages of his hostelry, while below, in prominent letters, was added,

"Engagement rings will be loaned to guests for the season."

"There!" cried the happy man. "That will bring the men!"—From "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for July.

Y e a h o o

My neighbor met me on the street,
She dropped a word of greeting gay,
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless undercurrent of pain,
The tasks I could not understand.

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty.
Freed by the sudden lift of song
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all. A woman wise,
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good morning,
dear!"

—Margaret E. Sangster in Youth's Companion.

Hawthorne's Daughter.

Julian Hawthorne's daughter is a tall girl, pretty and rosy, and quite one's ideal of a vigorous young woman. Her fine physique is due to athletics of various kinds to which she is very devoted.

The Old Familiar Sign.

He came back to his boyhood home
After some forty years;
And when he looked upon the scene
His old eyes filled with tears.

Upon the old-time commons, where
He'd played with bat and ball,
There rose into the smoky air
A warehouse grim and tall.

Of all the scenes he once had known
He could not find a trace;
Nor could he find among the crowd
One dear, familiar face.

Naught could he find that was not changed,
Until across the way,
He saw a billboard with these words:
"East Lynne"—by Ada Gray

—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Country.

In the country all the grass
Greener grows;
Every wind that seems to pass
Shakes a rose.

In the country bright streams flow—
Fish and frogs!
In the country there is no
Tax on dogs!

—Atlanta Constitution.



Speaking of school marms, it is not generally known that if Rosa Bonheur had been a docile, biddable little girl, the world would have been very much the poorer along artistic lines. Her father, himself a painter of great merit, concluded that his daughter should learn nothing but what was strictly womanly. In pursuance of this intention, he actually apprenticed his future great daughter to a dressmaker. But the plan did not work at all. Rosa would not settle down to stitch other women's gowns together, even at the command of a father whom she very much feared. He then put her into a school with the distinct command that she was to be trained for a teacher. But Rosa, destined to be the peer of Landseer as an animal painter, took no more kindly to the idea of being a school marm than a dressmaker, and at the age of fifteen so successfully matched her will against her father's that he surrendered unconditionally. Once entered into her own kingdom she developed an amazing capacity for work, never wearying of her chosen career.

How she cropped her hair close and wore men's clothes, so that she could attend home fairs or prow around stables and shambles to study animal life, is a many times told story.

But how she won the cross of the Legion of Honor is another story. Being a woman she was ineligible to that lofty token of appreciation, no matter how well she wrought along the lines that would secure it to a man. In 1833 she was awarded a medal by the Salon, which meant, sex permitting, she would have had the higher honor bestowed. It was in 1855 that Eugenie, then the beautiful and beloved Empress of the French, insisted upon accompanying her husband through the cholera hospitals. An epidemic of that loathsome disease was then raging in Paris. Napoleon III. was so impressed with the bravery of the act that he bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon his wife.

A few days later Eugenie, one of Rosa Bonheur's most appreciative friends, visited the artist in her studio and on leaving contrived, while embracing her friend, to transfer the coveted bit of ribbon from the imperial to the artistic shoulders.

Mlle. Bonheur, by that graceful act, was made a "chevalier" of the empire, an honor recently confirmed by the French Republic in making her an officer of the Legion of Honor, which means so much to every Frenchman.

The Prince of Wales has seventeen brothers-in-law, sixteen uncles, fifty-seven cousins and fifty-eight nephews and nieces.

before 2 or 3 o'clock. If it is sunny, and the temperature is not too low, she will generally take an hour's drive in her sleigh. On her return she will find her salon lighted and the curtains drawn; and she will then be prepared to receive her visitors, whom she regales with tea. If going to the opera she dines early, and returns at about 10 o'clock. If going to a ball or party afterward she rests till it is time to dress, so as to appear at the ball or party at 12, from which she does not get home till between 3 or 4. Suppers are the great fashion at St. Petersburg. They continue till an early hour in the morning. The men play at cards and the ladies indulge in small talk; but in the winter they rarely manage to retire to rest before 3 or 4 in the morning, consequently they rise late, and have not more than two or three hours of daylight to contemplate the snow-clad earth and the dismal wintry aspect without.

HOW TO HANG A HAMMOCK.

There is a Deep Science in Just How to Do It Properly.

There is science in the hanging of a hammock both for comfort and grace. The hammock should be six and a quarter feet from the ground at the head and three and three-quarters above ground at the foot end. The rope at the head which fastens it should be one foot, and at the foot should measure four feet. It may sound as though this made the hammock very high, but it is just right, as our women have found out. For convenience and effect a hassock is used on which our fair one steps and swings herself in place from the foot end. In this way there are no "tucked up" skirts, and one's shoes are not more conspicuous than one's head.

The hammock paraphernalia is now as important an addition to the summer girl's outfit as tennis racquet or parasol, and it requires infinitely more careful thought.

The hammocks themselves are beautiful, being woven of strands of colored silks. A brunette chooses a yellow and black one with heavy fringes, while a blonde takes a soft baby blue and white one. One black-eyed belle has packed a gorgeous crimson one.

With the hammock go the pretty varied colored-silk blankets and down pillows made of white linen and embroidered with the owner's monogram. Hassocks may be made of straw, grass or any other appropriate material. These hammocks are swung on piazzas and across halls quite as often as on the lawn.